

LES ADIEUX.  
We met—bright day!  
A year ago;  
To see was to adore you;  
And loved I knew  
I told you so;  
And many more before you.

I have you speak—  
Your blushing cheek  
Referred me to your mother;  
Yet, fatal freak,  
Within a week  
You died with another.

My hopes were bright,  
My scars were light;  
No fate our loves could sever;  
And now to-night  
I have to write  
Adieu, adieu, forever!

But know my pet,  
I'm not as yet;

Completely broken-hearted;

I do regret

That we have met,

But not that we have parted.

#### THE MYSTERIOUS ORGANIST: A LEGEND OF THE RHINE.

"Kind hearts are more than coronets,  
And simple faith than Norman blood."

Years ago, at a grand old cathedral overlooking the Rhine, there appeared a mysterious organist. The great composer who had played the organ so long had suddenly died, and every-body, from the king to the peasant, was wondering who could be found to fill his place, when one bright Sabbath morn, as the sexton entered the church, he saw a stranger sitting at the organ, shrouded in organ.

He was a tall, graceful man, with a pale but strikingly handsome face, great black, melancholy eyes, and hair like the raven's wing for gloss and color sweeping in dark waves over his shoulders.

He did not seem to notice the sexton, but went on playing and such music as he drew from the instrument no words of mine can describe. The astonished listener declared that the organ seemed to have grown human—that it wailed and sighed, and chanted, as if a tortured human heart were throbbing through its pipes.

When the music at length ceased, the sexton hastened to the stranger and said: "Poy, you are here, sir?"

"Do not ask my name," he replied. "I have heard that you are in want of an organist, and have come here on trial."

"You'll be sure to get the place," exclaimed the sexton. "Why, you surpass him that's dead and gone, sir!"

"No, no; you overrate me," responded the stranger, with a sad smile; and then, as if destined to conversation, he turned from old Hans, and began to play again. And now the music changed from a sorrowful strain to a grand old pean, and the mysterious organist—

"Looking upward full of grace,

Prayed till from a happy place

God's glory shone in his face,"

and his countenance seemed not unlike that of St. Michael, as portrayed by Guido

Lost in the harmonies which swelled around him, he sat with his "far-seing" gaze fixed on the distant sky, a glimpse of which he caught through an open window, when there was a stir about the church door, and a royal party came sweeping in. Among them might be seen a young girl, with a wealth of golden hair, eyes like the violet's hue, and lips like wild cherries. This was the princess Elizabeth; and all eyes were turned to her, as she seated herself in the velvet cushioned pew appropriated to the court. The mysterious organist fixed his gaze upon her and went on playing. No sooner had the maiden reached her ears, than she started, as if a ghost had crossed her path. The bloom faded from her cheek, her lips quivered, and her whole frame grew tremulous. At last her eyes met those of the organist, in a long, yearning look, and the melody lost its joyous notes and once more wailed, and sighed, and clanged.

"By my faith," whispered the king to his daughter, "this organist has a master hand—Hark ye, he shall play at your wedding!"

The pale lips of the princess paled, but she could not speak—she was dumb with grief. Like one in a painful dream, she saw the pale man at the organ, and heard the melody which filled the vast edifice. At full well she knew who he was, and why the instrument seemed breathing out the agony of a tortured heart.

When the service was over, and the royal party had left the cathedral, he strolled away as mysteriously as he had come. He was not seen again by the sexton, till the vesper hour, and then he appeared in the organ loft, and commenced his task. While he played, a veiled figure glided in and took a side shrin. There she remained, with the organist, till the worshippers dispersed, when the sexton touched her on the shoulder and said:

"Madam everybody has gone but you and me, and I wish to close the doors."

"I am not ready to go yet," was the reply; "leave me—leave me!"

The sexton drew back into a shady niche, and watched and listened. The mysterious organist still kept his post, but his head was bowed upon the instrument, and he could not see the lone devotee. At length the rose from the aisle, and moving to the organ-loft, she paused beside the musician.

"Bertram," she murmured.

Quick as thought the organist raised his head. There, with a light of lamp suspended to the arch above falling full upon her, stood the princess who had graced the royal pew that day. The court dress of velvet, with its soft, crimping trimming, the tiara, the necklace, the bracelets, had been exchanged for a gray serge robe and a long thick veil, which was fastened back from the fair girlish face.

"Oh! Elizabeth, Elizabeth!" exclaimed the organist, and he sunk at her feet, and gazed wistfully into her troubled eyes.

"Breath are you here, Bertram?" asked the princess.

"I came to bid you farewell; and as I dared not venture into the palace, I gained access to the cathedral by breaking the bell-tower, and having taken the vacant seat of the dead organist, let my music breathe out the woes I could not trust my lips to utter."

A low moan was the only answer, and he continued:

"You are to be married on the morrow?"

"Yes," said the girl. "Oh, Bertram, what a trial it will be to stand at yonder altar, and take upon me the woes which will doom me to a living death!"

"Think of me," rejoined the organist. "You royal father has requested me not to play at your wedding, and I have promised to be here. If I were at equal, I could be the bridegroom instead of the organist; but a poor musician must give you up."

"It is like rending soul and body asunder, to part with you, Bertram," said the girl. "To-night I may tell you this—tell you how fondly I love you, but in four hours it will be with you, go, and God bless you!"

She waved him from her, as if she would banish him while she had the power to do so, and he—how was it with him? He rose to leave her, then came back, hid her in his heart in a long embrace, and with a half smothered farewell left her.

The next morning dawned in cloudless splendor, and at an early hour the cathedral was thrown open, and the sexton began to prepare for the wedding. Flame-colored flowers nodded by the roadside, flame-colored leaves carpeted down from the trees and lay in light heaps upon the ground; and the ripe wheat waved like a golden sea, and berries dropped in red and purple clusters over the rocks along the Rhine.

At length the pale gates were opened, and the royal party appeared, escorting the Princess Elizabeth to the cathedral, where her marriage was to be solemnized. It was a brave pageant; far brighter than the autumn foliage of the superb trees. But the princess, mounted on a snow-white palfrey, and clad in snow-white velvet, looked pale and sad; and when, on entering the church, she heard a rush of organ-music, which though jubilant in sound, struck on her ear like a funeral knell, she trembled, and would have fallen to the earth had not a page supported her. A few moments afterward she entered the cathedral, where, with her retinue, stood the royal

bridegroom, whom she had never before seen—but her glance roved from him to the organ-loft, where she had expected to see the mysterious organist. He was gone, and she was obliged to return the graceful bow of the king, to whom she had been bethrothed from motives of policy. Mechanically she knelt at his side on the alter stone; mechanically listened to the service and made the responses. Then her husband drew her to him in a convulsive embrace, and whispered:

"Elizabeth, my queen, my wife, look up!" Trembling in every limb, she obeyed. Why did those dark eyes thrill her so? Why did that smile bring a glow to her cheek? "Ah! I thought the king were the royal purple, and many a jeweled order glittered in his breast, he seemed the same humane person who had been employed to teach organ-music, and had taught her the love of love."

"Elizabeth," murmured the monarch, "Bertram Hoffman, the mysterious organist, and King Oscar are one. Forgive my stratagem. I wished to marry you, but I could not drag to the altar an unwilling bride. Your father was in the secret. While tears of joy rained from her blue eyes, the snow-white queen received her husband's fond kiss, and for once two hearts were made happy by a royal marriage."

AN AMERICAN HUSBAND.—An Indianapolis woman recently gave birth to a child during her husband's absence, and just before his return the "neighbors" borrowed two other babies and placed them in bed with the little stranger. When the father asked to see his child the crowd was turned down, and although he must have been immensely surprised, he coolly turned to his wife and asked, "Did any get away?"

BOWEN & HOPKINS.—Of all painful things can there be anything so exquisitely painful as a bone fief? We know of none that flesh is heir to, and as this malady is quite frequent and the subject of much earnest consideration, we give the latest recipe for its cure, which is given by that high authority, London Lancet:—"As soon as the disease is felt, put directly over the spot a dry-blister, about the size of the thumb nail, and let it remain for six hours; at the expiration of that time, directly under the surface of the blister, may be seen the leprosy, which can instantaneously be taken out with the point of a needle or a lancet."

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#### CLOTHING!

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Are being almost given away to make room for more, at BOWEN & HOPKINS.

#### WHAT ARE DR. WALKER'S CALIFORNIA VINEGAR?

Factory Point, Dec. 22, 1870.

#### ROTARY PUMPS.

They are not a very fancy device.

Made of poor wood, whiskey, spruce and fir, larch, diptor, spiced and sweetened to please the taste, called tonics, restorers, apothecaries, &c., that the upholsterer can take up and use, but in this case, the pump is not so good as the others.

They are the GREAT BLOOD PLEASER.

They are the GREAT B